

# THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

TERMS:—\$1.75 in advance, \$2.00 at the end.

"Where Liberty Dwells there is my Country."—Cicero.

and \$2.50 after the expiration of the year.

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

New Philadelphia, January 2nd, 1845.

VOL. 5, No. 51, WHOLE NO. 250.

## POETRY.

### LIVES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior passed away,  
Thou form without a name!  
Which thought and felt but yesterday,  
And dream of future fame.  
Stripped of thy garments who shall grieve,  
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race!  
If haughty chieftain holding sway,  
Or lowlier destined to obey.  
The light of that fixed eye is set,  
And all is moveless now,  
But passion's traces linger yet,  
And lower upon that brow.  
The resistless has not yet worn,  
The lips seem even in act to speak,  
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,  
As if it grasped the battle brand.  
Though from that head, late lowering high,  
The waving plume is torn,  
And now in dust that form doth lie,  
Disboned and forlorn,  
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide  
The graven characters of pride,  
That on the lip and brow reveal  
The impress of the spirit's seal.  
Lives there a mother to deplore,  
The son she never shall see!  
Or maiden, on some distant shore,  
To break her heart for thee?  
Fervence to roam a maniac there,  
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,  
And through the lonely night to wait  
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.  
Long shall she linger there, in vain  
The evening fire shall trim,  
And gazing on the darkening main,  
Shall often call on him.  
Who hears her not—who cannot hear—  
Oh! deaf for ever is that ear,  
That once in listening rapture hung  
Upon the music of her tongue!  
Long may she dream—to wake to woe!  
Her memory shall never flow,  
And hope to sigh farewell;  
The heart, bereaving of its stay,  
Quenching the beam that cheers her way  
Along the waste of life—ill she  
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

## THE BIVOAC,

OR

### A NIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE OHIO.

A TALE OF WESTERN VOYAGING.

By J. W. Ingraham, author of "Lafitte," &c.

A few years since I was on my way to St. Louis, and took passage at Cincinnati on board the Steamer Chief Justice Marshall, which was bound to New Orleans, but from which I was to disembark at the mouth of the Ohio, to wait for some New Orleans boat going up to take me to my destination. Our travelling party consisted of three ladies, a mother and two lovely daughters—dearly in their teens, and a young gentleman and his bride from Louisiana, with her brother just from College. The boat was large and comfortable; a spacious state room offered us all the retirement of a private apartment in a dwelling.  
It was a bright morning in October when we got under head-way from the landing and bending our course down the river, left the green city receding in the distance. The prospect from the decks as we swept round the noble curve, which forms the peninsula of this great metropolis, was unequalled for beauty and variety. To the eye of the voyager, who gazes on the city and its opposite suburban shore, the river seems to flow through a valley peopled for centuries, rather than a region but fifty years ago a desolate wilderness. Crowded population, taste, wealth, and a high degree of agriculture on the banks, all indicate the home of a long settled people, instead of the emigrant of yesterday. Astonished at what he beholds, the traveller's mind is overpowered at the contemplation of the future destiny of the land. This feeling is not only awakened by the sight of Cincinnati and its fleets of steamers, but it is kept alive as he proceeds down the winding and romantic river. On either bank noble farms descend with their waving fields to touch the lip of the laughing wave, and at short intervals thriving villages meet his never wearying sight. Unlike the monotony of the Mississippi, the Ohio ever presents objects of interest. The voyager of taste is ever upon deck, as he is borne through the picturesque regions, and exclamations of surprise are exhausted only to be repeated and renewed again and again.  
The next morning morning after quitting Cincinnati we reached Louisville, its levee as we approached presenting a scarcely less business like air than that of her rival city. Situated just above the "Falls," it was then the head of a large boat navigation. But a deep canal has since then been constructed around the falls nearly two miles in length, by which steamers laden in New Orleans can pass through without as heretofore, being detained and transferring their freight by drays to smaller boats above the falls, and pursue their way to Cincinnati or Pittsburgh. The river being now unusually high, the rocks of the rapids were nearly covered, and with skillful pilotage they might venture. After an hour's delay at the landing we shot out into the middle of the stream, and set the boat's head to descend the rapids. As we approached them with the velocity of an arrow, there was not a word spoken on board save by the Pilot, who stood forward, giving brief orders to the helmsman. Black rocks appeared on every side—the rapids roared and foamed before us, seemingly in our very path; but onward we went with irresistible power, the vast steamer rolling to and fro like a drunken man. But we passed them safely, the captain having risked his boat and cargo, and put in jeopardy his own life and those of all on board. But human life is of so little value in the West, where there is so much of floating ability, none knowing whence or whither! Among our passengers were two, a father and daughter,

that particularly attracted my attention, from the indifference to danger which both exhibited during the perilous descent of the rapids; the elder standing with folded arms looking upon the deck, gazing on vacancy; the younger admiring with a calm but delighted look the velocity of the boat—the curling waters around her and the wild roar and sublime confusion of the scene through which she was borne. He was about fifty-six years of age, with a noble countenance, which care and grief had deeply lined. His hair gray and his form somewhat bent, less with years than with sorrow. An air of melancholy pervaded his appearance and he irresistibly interested the beholder in him. His daughter had fair hair and blue eyes, and seemed destined by nature to be happy hearted; for she spoke to him always with a sweet smile, and always smiled at seeing any scenery that pleased her. But there was a pensiveness in her look that harmonized with the sadness upon his brow. Her attentions to him, I had observed were tender, devoted, and full of anxious solicitude to draw him away from his own thoughts. At times she would succeed, and he would look up and around at the green wooded banks and smile with momentary interest; when she would appear perfectly happy, and tears would come into her eyes—tears of joy.

During the course of the day I had an opportunity of rendering him a slight assistance as he descended from the deck, for which the daughter gratefully thanked me, adding, my father is a little feeble, sir; I am in hopes this voyage will be of great service to him.

I warmly expressed the same desire, and as they immediately retired to their state rooms I saw no more of them that day. The ensuing morning ascended the deck a few minutes after sun-rise and found them already promiscuously together, the father on the daughter's arm. The incident, and that brief interchange of words the day before had conferred on me the privilege of approaching and inquiring after his health.

"Better, sir, I thank you," he answered with a grateful look, "but," he added in a half tone which I could not help hearing, "it is not the body it is the spirit that is sick."

"Oh, dear father!" said his daughter glancing at me quickly, to see if I had overheard.

"Oh, my son, my son! would to God I had buried thee in thy infancy," added Mr. Townley for such I learned was his name; and he was writhing his hands and threw himself upon a seat. His child seemed much distressed, and I was turning away lest my presence should invade secrecy that she seemed solicitous to preserve, when he said, extending his hand, "Sit down, I am told you are from the South—from Natchez."

"Yes," I replied.

"I am glad to meet you, I am going there,"

"Dear father, hush!" cried the maiden with a look of distress.

"I will inquire of him, Charlotte. Perhaps—" "You can hear nothing, alas, but what you already too well know. Pray father do not speak of Henry! Nay, then let me enquire. Sir," she said, clasping his hand and looking up in my face with fearful eyes, "we have a relative—a dear relative, sir in Natchez, who we have heard has wandered from the path of honor."

"It is my son, sir," said Mr. Townley firmly. His daughter hung her head, and I could see the blush of shame mounting her forehead. "He is my only son. He was a clerk in New Orleans, and in an evil hour was tempted to gamble and lost all of his own money, and then embezzled that of his employer. To escape punishment he fled and joined the gamblers at Vicksburg. We have since learned that he has he has now become a principal leader among them, and that he remains mostly in Natchez. I am on my way to reclaim him. It is painful to a father to speak thus of a son! Did you ever see him, sir?"

"Townley," I repeated, "I never heard of the name in the name in the South except associated with men of honor."

"We have discerned that he goes by the assumed name of Frank Carter," said Mr. Townley.

I could not confess my ignorance, for I recognized the name of the most notorious gambler or "sportsman" in the South, who from his influence with the different bands that infested the West from Louisville to New Orleans, was called "Prince Frank." I gazed upon the father with pity, and upon the sister with feelings of the most painful sympathy. I felt that their hopes of reclaiming him was destined to perish. They remarked my silence, and the daughter, now that there was no more to be told to call the tinge of shame into her cheek, lifted her head and looked into my face with anxious interest. Mr. Townley also waited earnestly to hear a reply from one who might have seen his son, and who could tell him something less evil than he had heard. I recollected him as a fine looking, richly dressed young man, who used to make a dashing appearance at the St. Catherine's ball course, in a barouche drawn by a pair of spirited bays, with a beautiful girl, his mistress, seated by his reckless profession, and it was said owned several dwellings in "Natchez under the Hill," the empire over which, as "Prince Frank," he ruled. But recently, since I had left the South in May, there had been a war of extermination against the gamblers, beginning at Vicksburg and sweeping the whole South-West. What had become of "Prince Frank" in this well remembered and bloody crusade of the routed citizens of Mississippi to redeem their towns and cities from the bonds of blacklegs who infested them, I was ignorant.

"Do you know him sir—Pray speak freely," asked the daughter, after watching my countenance for some time.

I frankly informed her that her information had been correct, and while I expressed my hopes that their journey to effect his reformation and restoration to society, might be successful I told her that I feared there was little prospect of it.

From this time I saw much of them, for Mr. Townley loved to sit and talk to me of his son. At length we approached the mouth of the Ohio where we were to separate, myself and my party to wait and take a boat up to St. Louis, they to continue their sad and hopeless voyage for the recovery of a lost son and brother.

As the boat was rounding too at the beautiful point of land now the site of the infant city of Cairo, Mr. Townley came to me and asked how long I and my friends would remain in St. Louis!

On learning it would be but for two days, and that we should then proceed directly down the Mississippi to

Natchez, he asked if it would be agreeable to us for himself and daughter to attack themselves to our party. His accession was gladly received by all my friends to whom I had communicated the interesting object of their journey and who were as deeply touched as myself with their peculiar affliction. Mr. Townley and his daughter, there on, quit the boat with us and the steamer landing our large party with our baggage upon the shore resumed her swift course down the river, Captain Clark receiving our good wishes for his safe and speedy arrival at New Orleans.

It was late in the afternoon when we landed upon the point, and as we learned a boat was looked for momentarily from below bound to St. Louis. We concluded not to remove our large quantity of baggage to the tavern, but remain with it, at least till night, by the river side. Cairo city, as this place is now denominated, was then comprised in a two story tavern, called "Bird's Hotel," with a double gallery running around it—in a sort of grocery store, one or two log huts and a vast forest of gigantic trees that covered nearly the whole place except "the clearing" on the extreme point. It was a desolate looking spot, especially on the approach of night. The tavern, too, had a bad name, the point being from its central position, a rendezvous for gamblers, and from its retired character, and the peculiar facilities it afforded for evading justice, the refuge of criminals and all kinds of desperate characters. Flat boats, also, always were to be landed from steamers, mutinous hands, or detected rogues. We had some knowledge of the character of the spot, and therefore chose to remain as long as we could on the levee, hoping the boat would soon appear and render any further intimacy with the suspicious tavern unnecessary.

We therefore placed our trunks in a hollow square, and seating ourselves upon them, waited patiently for the expected boat. When the sun at length set and signs of her reward our long intense gazing, we began to wish we had waited at Cincinnati for a St. Louis boat, as the Broadway House we all acknowledged, was far more comfortable than the broad side of a river bank. The landlord, now, on our application to him, roughly replied that his rooms were full. We had observed as we went to the house, several suspicious men lurking about the tavern, one of whom I recognized as a well known Natchez gambler. We felt no disposition to remain in their company at the tavern, well knowing the vindictiveness which they entertained, since their expulsion, against all Mississippians, and the annoyance we might expect if we were recognized to be from the South. As the night promised to be clear, and the moon rose as the sun set, we decided on remaining on the bank all night. We arranged ourselves for the ladies with cloaks and buffalo skins within the space enclosed by the trunks, and suspending on four stakes a large crimson Mexican blanket that belonged to the travelling equipment of the Louisianian, formed a serviceable canopy to protect them from the dew. We then opened our trunks and took out our knives and pistols, and the brother of the bride unlocked from his case a new double-barreled piece he was taking home.

"There were of our party seven men, including two young merchants returning home to St. Louis from the East, who were browbeaten a few paces from us, but, on our invitation, joined us. We had arms—the double-barreled fowling piece just named; side pistols and fireproof knives, and powder and ball; we therefore felt sure of giving a good reception to any who molested us; for we knew that defenceless parties of bivouacking travellers had been attacked by armed banditti, and robbed of every article of baggage, and their jewelry stripped from their persons; we had heard also of travellers landing at the point who never embarked again. We therefore quietly loaded our arms, and having established a watch both for security and to look out for a steamer, and awoke the rest on its approach, we settled ourselves about our bivouac for the night. The ladies soon went to sleep, confiding in our guardianship as women should ever do. Mr. Townley at once showed himself to be a man of resolute character; for the probable danger of the party roused him from the contemplation of his own sorrows to sympathy with the feelings of those around him.

The moon shone very bright, and the two great rivers flowed majestically past, their broad surfaces looking like torrents of molten steel, meeting a mile below the point, and blending into one dark flood which lost itself in the gloomy forests of the South. It was two in the morning. I was standing watch with Mr. Townley and the knight of the fowling piece, and one of the young merchants, when we observed a party of men suddenly issue from a path leading into the forest in the direction of two or three log huts. Hitherto the night had been still; the lights had been early extinguished in the tavern, and the groups of boatmen that were lingering about the shore had returned on board their boats. The party which we now saw, when we discovered it, about three hundred yards off, moving at a quick tramp directly towards our bivouac. We instantly awakened our companions without disturbing the ladies, and having prepared our arms to give them a good reception should they prove hostile, we remained seated upon our trunks watching them. The moon now shone upon them so clearly that we could count their number fourteen men, marching three and four abreast; it also gleamed upon weapons which some of them carried. We were now satisfied that we were the object of an open attack by some of the desperadoes who infested the point, who probably expected to find us unarmed and sleeping, and so pilfer our baggage and persons, if not to murder, if resisted. We let them advance within fifty paces and then challenged. One who walked by the side of the first rank then spoke to them and they halted.

"If you approach any nearer, be your errand peaceful or hostile we shall fire upon you," we said firmly.

"But they are prepared!" said one.

"No. It is a bravado. Let us on!" shouted another.

"On, then," was the general cry, and they rushed towards us in an irregular body.

We let them come within close pistol shot—all fired a regular discharge—But over their heads.

They suddenly stopped with a cry of surprise, fired a pistol or two, and then retreated a few paces and made a stand. One of them was evidently wounded, for we saw him fall, and with difficulty and groaning drag himself after his companions. The challenge and firing aroused the females of our party, who at first shrieked, and were in great terror, but were prevailed upon to

keep their recumbent positions sheltered from any fire of the assailants, by the trunks we had fortunately piled around their lodging place. We now reloaded our pistols, and prepared to receive them if they attempted to gain to molest us. Before we all got prepared for a second defence, they rushed upon us, firing pistols as they advanced, the balls of which whizzed over us, and, as we all wards saw, pierced our trunks. Reluctant as we were to shed blood, we did not hesitate to return their fire, when they had got within five yards of us brandishing their knives, and as desperately a looking set of blacklegs as I should ever wish to encounter. A ball from Mr. Townley's pistol brought down their leader, and we were in the act of engaging with our knives, when a happy divers on was made in our favor by a shout close at hand, and a crew of gallant Kentucky boatmen consisting of a father and five sons, roused by the skirmishing, came up from their boat to our rescue. They rushed upon the gamblers so unexpectedly, that after making slight defence, they fled into the forest, leaving their leader dead not four yards from our bivouac. At the same moment, the deep "boom" of an ascending steamer reached our ears. We were congratulating each other upon our escape, and thanking the brave boatmen, when a loud wild cry from Mr. Townley chilled the blood in our veins. We looked and seen him leaping over the body of the slain robber. His daughter flew to him, gazed at the face of the dead, shrieked and cast herself upon the body.

It was his son—her brother! He had fallen by his father's hand. Poor Mr. Townley! he never came to his reason, to realize the full extent of misery. He grew imbecile, and perished a few months afterwards, a broken-hearted wreck. Charlotte Townley still lives, but consumption is eating the bloom from her cheek, and her fading form will soon lie in the grave beside her father's.

## Territory of Nebraska.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, some days ago, introduced into the House of Representatives, a bill to erect the territory of Nebraska. The reader will be curious to know something of this proposed new member of the nation. We have now four constituted territories, two of which, Iowa, and Florida, are knocking at the door of the Union for admission at States. Where can Nebraska be? It will convey a forcible idea of the vast extent of our country if the reader will consider that it lies to the west of the State of Missouri, adjoining that State, but having between it and the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, four hundred miles of territory. We append a very satisfactory account of the proposed new Territory, which we find in the report of the Secretary of War:

The immediate valleys of the head streams of the Arkansas, the Platte and the Yellow Stone Rivers, have much rich and valuable land. The Platte or Nebraska, being the central stream leading into or from the great South pass, would very properly furnish a name to the territory, which I propose suggesting to be erected into a territorial government in connection with, and preliminary to the extension in that direction, of our military posts. I would confine the Nebraska Territory to our undisputed possessions on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Its boundary line would commence at the mouth of the Kansas, and run up the Missouri river to the mouth of the Running water river, and would pursue that stream to the head of its northern branch, and thence due west to the Wind river range, and the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the head of Kansas, and following that stream to the mouth of the Pawnee Fork, would pass by the heads of the Neosho and Osage rivers, again to the mouth of the Kansas.

The eastern section of the region embraced by these boundaries, from the Missouri river westward for two hundred and fifty miles, is of great agricultural beauty and facilities, thickly timbered on numerous tributaries of the Kansas, Osage and Neosho rivers, and in fertility equal to the best land in Missouri. From the limit of this fertile portion, westward, for the space of 400 miles the country is entirely covered with rich grasses, which improve in quantity and quality up to the snow of the mountains.

The limits of this territory include the extreme head of navigation of the Arkansas, all the good lines of communication with California, the road from our frontier to the Mexican boundary and Santa Fe, and also an excellent and more direct pass to Oregon, discovered by recent exploration, about one hundred and fifty miles southward of the great South Pass.

Although the number of inhabitants engaged in agriculture and other pursuits within those limits do not afford the amount of population at all adequate, at present, to the formation of a full and complete territorial government, yet such an incipient or preliminary organization might be now adopted as would be necessary to extend the control and authority of the general government, and to throw its protection around our emigrants to Oregon in their passage through this country.

OLD NEWSPAPER.—There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old-fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind. Where are now the busy multitude whose names appear on these pages? where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman and bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in such chronicles of departed time? Alas, they have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we who may enjoy our span of existence in this obnoxious scene, shall have gone down into dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our fathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature will be as beautiful as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cells, heedless of everything that once charmed and delighted us.

## IMPORTANT TO THOUSANDS.

The Mississippi of a late date, contains the following paragraph—"It is said, and we have good authority for repeating it, that President Polk will not confer office upon any man who is an applicant for it, either in person or by proxy."

A Witness.—"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you have said in this case." "Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "I think of what I did not say."

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—A dog of a mongrel breed who is well known about Castle street, Aberdeen, by the name of the Doctor, has been for some time past in the habit of begging half-pennies from all persons with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. The Doctor, however, does not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spends it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronized with his custom, was that of a baker, who only gave him a nap or a biscuit for his bawling; but he has now changed his place of business, not on account of any difference in political or religious feeling, but simply because, in mercantile phraseology, he "can do better." The Doctor, who has become somewhat sophisticated in his eating, now frequents a cool-shop, kept by a black man in Exchange-row, who gives him good value for his money; one day, perhaps, a bit of potted beef, and, other, a slice of cold meat, or something dainty. Last week this animal struck up an acquaintance with several gentlemen, who take their stand at the Athenaeum door, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. While this acquaintance is amusing to the one party, who are glad to see their charity is not thrown away or improperly spent, it is very profitable to the other. From the Doctor's punctual habit of attendance, we have no doubt he will soon get into favor with the major part of the Athenaeum. We may also state, as a trait to his character, that when not hungry, he has been known to give to the children, who are favorites with him, the half-pennies given to himself. In the course of one afternoon, he gave a little girl two pence, which he obtained in small coin.—Aberdeen Journal.

## COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR

1845.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	SUN.	Rise.	Set.
January, —								R.-M. H.-M.		
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	7.24	4.36	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	7.30	4.40	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	7.44	4.46	
	26	27	28	29	30	31		7.7	4.53	
February, —										
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7.0	5.0	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	6.52	5.8	
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	6.43	5.17	
	23	24	25	26	27	28		6.34	5.28	
March, —										
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6.24	5.38	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	6.15	5.45	
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	6.6	5.54	
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	5.56	6.4	
	30	31						5.47	6.13	
April, —										
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5.37	6.38	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	5.28	6.30	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	5.19	6.41	
	27	28	29	30				5.11	6.49	
May, —										
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	5.3	6.57	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	4.55	7.5	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	4.48	7.19	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	4.43	7.17	
June, —										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	4.38	7.23	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	4.35	7.25	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	4.33	7.27	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	4.32	7.28	
	29	30						4.33	7.27	
July, —										
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4.26	7.24	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	4.20	7.21	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	4.14	7.16	
	27	28	29	30	31			4.50	7.10	
August, —										
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	4.57	7.3	
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	5.5	6.55	
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	5.13	6.47	
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	5.24	6.39	
	31							5.30	6.30	
September, —										
	1	2	3	4	5	6		5.39	6.31	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5.49	6.11	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	5.58	6.2	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	6.7	6.33	
	28	29	30					6.7	6.33	
October, —										
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	6.17	6.43	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	6.26	6.34	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	6.35	6.35	
	26	27	28	29	30	31		6.44	6.16	
November, —										
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6.53	5.7	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	7.1	4.59	
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	7.8	4.52	
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	7.15	4.45	
	30							7.20	4.40	
December, —										
	1	2	3	4	5	6		7.24	4.4	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	11	7.27	4.4	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	7.29	4.4	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	7.29	4.4	
	27	28	29	30	31			7.27	4.4	